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# *LIFE TO LIFE*



*R. H. FITZHUGH*



# Life to Life.

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*Comprising*

Overworked,

An Abused Gift,

Gambling, I.,

Gambling, II.,

Not So Easy,

Life to Life,

The Higher Social Life,

Persistent Identity.

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*By*

R. H. FITZHUGH,

Lexington, Ky.

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M. E. W. 29 Aug. 1909

To

The President  
with apologies.

~~R. W. Fitzhugh.~~

Lexington, Kentucky

1909.

Received  
4/27/09

Dedicated

To Every Lover of His Fellow Man.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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As an earnest of the possible merits of this little group of short essays, the following testimonials touching "He is Most Blest," a former publication by the author, are respectfully offered.

J. L. RICHARDSON & Co.,  
Publishers.

## IN COMMENDATION.

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St. Peter's Church, Pittsburg.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—I have read your tracts with great interest, and some of your beautiful similes have been floating in my mind ever since. They are most excellent and I am sure will do good.

For depth of spiritual experience and poetic beauty of expression, I do not know their equal.

Ever affectionately yours,

(Rev.) E. H. WARD.

(Former Rector of Christ Church, Lexington).

Washington, D. C., March 9, 1908.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—Please accept my sincere thanks for the little tracts you were kind enough to send me. I have read them with great pleasure, and I hope, profit. Indeed, from the time I began I did not put the booklet down until I had read every line.

The tracts are quite as remarkable for their literary excellence as for the spirit of deep devotion that inspires every sentence. If any one of them can be said to be best, it is "Not All Gloom."

Thanking you again and again, I am

Very sincerely yours,

HILARY A. HERBERT,

(Ex-Secretary of the Navy).

*In Commendation*

St. Agnes' Chapel, New York,

March 19, 1908.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—I am very grateful to you for sending me your book of beautiful little tracts. They are full of deep truth and will, I am sure, give help wherever they may go.

With kind regards, believe me

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) WILLIAM T. MANNING,

Rector Trinity Church, N. Y.

St. James' Church, New York,

December 5, 1907.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—Thanks for a copy of your "He is Most Blest." I think the finest of your antitheses are the following: "He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise;" "He asked to rule that he might be great; he was made to serve that he might be greater;" "He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given Life that he might enjoy all things;" "He had sought happiness where it could not be found, and had found happiness where he had never sought it."

May many heed your words and profit by them, including

Yours faithfully,

(Bishop) F. C. COURTNEY.

Colorado Springs, March 4, 1904.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—I am especially pleased by your article on life's voyage, "In the Outer Harbor." It made a deep impression on both my wife and myself as one of the sweetest allegories we had ever seen.

*In Commendation*

It is surely this common love of the unseen, this reaching out for the "substance of things hoped for," which, notwithstanding our too brief acquaintance, has drawn us so closely together.

Of all men whom I know I have most cause to thank God for my friends, among whom I rejoice to number you.

You have remarkable power in expressing the real outstretch of the soul toward God.

Your affectionate friend,

W. C. STURGIS.

(Former Professor of Botany at Yale University).

Princeton, N. J., March 26, 1908.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—Let me thank you very warmly for the booklet, containing your beautiful little essays on spiritual themes. I like them very much, and feel sure that they will do good to all who read them.

Faithfully yours,

(Rev.) HENRY VAN DYKE.

Grace Church Rectory, 850 Broadway,

New York, December 5, 1907.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—Thank you for letting me see your deeply spiritual communication in the *Lexington Leader*. It ought to be printed in leaflet form for distribution, for it may truly be said of your strong sentences that in them the thoughts of many hearts have been revealed.

Faithfully yours,

(Rev.) W. R. HUNTINGTON.

*In Commendation*

St. James' Church, 128 Rush Street,  
Chicago, May 12, 1908.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh—I have not read anything for a long time that has been so helpful to me as your little book, "He is Most Blest." It came to me when I needed strength, and the good it did me I am sure it can do to others. With all my heart I thank God that he gave you the thoughts which you have so well expressed. Many another weary one will be made glad by these pages, and will see things in a richer and happier light. I shall do my best to have the book go into the homes of many of my people.

With kindest regards and with my earnest prayer that our Heavenly Father may continue to you His blessing,

I remain very sincerely yours,

(Rev.) JAMES S. STONE.

First Congregational Church,  
Muskegon, Mich., May 9, 1908.

Capt. R. H. Fitzhugh, Lexington, Ky.

My Dear Mr. Fitzhugh—Thank you very much for the sample copy of your series of tracts. I am delighted with them, and can say that it is just the kind of material I shall want to use in my ministry. I wish you would send me a dozen copies with bill.

Hoping your humanitarian work, as well as your literary work, is progressing well,

Very cordially yours,

(Rev.) ARCHIBALD HADDEN.

*In Commendation*

[From the Christian Advocate of Sept. 10, 1908].

“He is Most Blest” is the title of five essays on spiritual themes by Captain R. H. Fitzhugh, a layman, who has reflected calmly and writes strongly on the life that now is.

There are a robustness of utterance and a calm strength and poise in the words of this man of faith which will be especially comforting to the aged. A book for Christian men.





**Overworked.**



# OVERWORKED

## A SWEET NOTE FROM THE SAVAGE WILD

All wisdom is not vouchsafed to any one age. All progress is not toward higher light.

In some branches of economy the best is far behind us. Even now hoary centuries are searched for that which is most beautiful in architecture, in sculpture, and in the portrayal on canvas of human attributes.

It will not be denied that the ultimate goal of social science is an equitable, impartial democracy—a popular government in which the body politic is the unit, and wherein the superfluous strength of some is employed to supplement the lack of endowment in others, thus obtaining the maximum of results, on a peaceful plane, of human thought and energy.

From the savage wild of other days there comes the long lost note of human equality—the proclamation of the oneness of man in the sight of the Author of men. It is the denial of the right of any man to hold exclusively as

his own any portion of that which a common Father has bestowed jointly upon all his children. It proclaims that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and that for a season He has made it the home alike of the weak and the strong. The lands are His and the waters are His, and anywhere upon land or water every child has a common right with every other child to live and move, and fill to the full the measure of his capacity for acquisition and enjoyment.

Here every child that comes into the world is born to a single share (and but a single share) of a God-owned planet; and neither by craft, nor might, nor the quieting grace of gold may he acquire another's share, or part with that he hath.

Here the prize is not to the swift, nor the lion's share to the strong. The prodigal storehouse of plain and forest is free to all: the turkey and the ptarmigan, the bison and the bear are meat alike to him who bends the stiffest bow, and him of weakest thews: the resplendent trout of the mountain brook, the great game salmon of the ice-bound north, and those that inhabit the ocean's depths are trapped and speared in peaceful unity.

Here avarice is without occupation, and greed maintains perpetual fast.

Here oppression comes not with might, but the weak share in the trophies of the strong; the swift of foot imparts to him who speeds not so fast, and the cunning trapper divides with him who knows not so well the haunts and habits of those who flee from the presence of man.

This is a lesson from the savage wild—a lesson in the first principles of a government based upon the brotherhood of man, and joint ownership in all not created by man, but which existed before the devious feet of men had trod the earth, and was vested in the whole family of mankind, never to be alienated therefrom by partition, or rights in severalty.

This, you say, might be well enough for a savage condition, but to suggest its application to a state of civilization is purely utopian.

Why utopian? Is the savage superior to the civilized man? And if he can live in peace and happiness in a commonwealth in fact and not in name only, is it not reasonable to assume that his brother of higher (?) light might do as well?

There are to-day, in the United States, those in places of high authority, some in the

councils of the nation, who would scout the idea of such a state of common interests as the suggestion of a disordered brain, and who are yet honoring the principle in their public utterances and acts.

This is especially noticeable in the marked and growing tendency of the times toward the reservation or creation of more and larger areas of common territory. Contemplated cities are laid out with an eye to the amplest provision for parks and play-grounds; old cities are enlarging those they have, and under the law of eminent domain, creating others with increasing frequency by the appropriation and destruction of whole blocks of individual property.

This is done in recognition of the heaven-ordained right of every child born into the world to one child's share in earth and air—the right to ground to stand on, in order that he may have the right to breathe without “by your leave” to any being but Him whose planet this is.

This is but the smaller manifestation of the movement—state and federal authorities are awakening wonderfully to a sense of its importance, and large boundaries of public lands are now withheld, or to be withheld from the

gratification of private greed, and devoted to the equal enjoyment of every citizen of whatever caste, color or condition.

These are but the early tokens of an universal movement toward the restoration to the children of men of their natural and inalienable birthright.

Is individual and associated aggrandizement and oppression an essential property of progress and enlightenment?

Is maddening inequality and wretchedness, both of him who has too little and him who has too much, an indispensable adjunct of our boasted latter-day life?

Is it not easily conceivable that such a condition of common interest might obtain as well in a community of advanced knowledge and achievement as among the red men of North America?

Surely a Plato or a Socrates would have found no difficulty in thinking and speaking as wisely in a peaceful community where there was an equality of simple, wholesome wealth, as amid the sorrowful cries of those who lacked for bread, and the masked misery of those whose superabundance was but a surfeit of sweet things, and the thief of pleasant anticipation.

In such a condition of tranquility proceeding from a sense of human oneness, does there appear to be anything that is inconsistent with the present-day achievement either in the intellectual or the material world? Would there be less done in earth, and air, and water? Certainly if consolidated, corporate wealth is essential to such an end, a corporation of the whole would be more potential than that of any portion thereof.

If it be said that such a condition of simple savage life did not bring peace, that the war-whoop and the tomahawk were a very synonym of Indian life, the answer is: The battle axe and scalping knife were only used against their foes of other tribes. No axe was ever raised, no bow was ever drawn in fratricidal strife. Among themselves they lived at peace. No man nor body of men ever sought to rob another of his equal share of a common heritage, nor the sacred right of personal liberty.

In such communities police courts were unknown, and there were no pillories, and no prisons; because where there are no oppressions there need be no punishments.

That such a social condition, resting primarily upon what modern economists call national ownership of the land, is not alto-



gether visionary becomes clear when we reflect that three-fourths of the surface of the earth is so held, and that too in peaceful enjoyment by all the families of men. No Nicholas of Russia nor Duke of Newcastle reserves for the exclusive use of himself and family great expanses of the ocean with the denizens thereof.

Doubtless if metes and bounds could have been fixed and maintained, a handful of self-constituted lords of creation would long ere this have divided the seas among themselves and hung out warnings to "keep off" under the penalty of the law (the law of protected might). But thanks to Him who made man, and knows both his necessities and presumption, the sea is its own leveler and defender, and no man nor combination of men has the power to alienate it from the whole family of men in whom it is vested.

Thus not merely the citizens of one nation, but every citizen of all nations have each an equal right in the waters that cover three-fourths of the earth's surface.

If, then, such joint tenancy is peacefully and satisfactorily operative on three-fourths of the earth's surface, why should it be thought impracticable on the remaining one-fourth?

This is one note of wisdom that comes down to us from primitive man, he who was nearest to the councils of heaven; another and even sweeter note follows not far behind: In this kingdom of natural equality life was a pleasure, not a punishment. Every occupation that brought to men food and covering was a source of enjoyment, not of suffering, sorrow and hopelessness. They were not as galley slaves, or modern mill hands groaning under the scourge of task-masters and the tyranny of cursed conventionality. They did not agonize in the creation of wants that were to breed other wants, and those still others, until the whole of life should become a forge of cruel disappointments, and hopes never to be realized. Theirs was never a life the chiefest joy of which was the anticipation of its ending. They sought not to do in a single generation all the work of all the generations to come. They accepted life as a blessing, not as a curse. As they saw their "little brothers" of the earth, the air, and the water fed from the hand of a common Father without toil, and without dread of the coming day, so they believed He intended that they, too, should enjoy, without care or sorrow, the outspread richness of His loving, all-sufficient and ever-present bounty.

So they believed, and so through centuries they lived and enjoyed living until there broke upon them the new light from across the seas denying them the peace and liberty of God's plan, and substituting the present-day inferno of human greed and oppression, where satisfaction is an ignis fatuus and hope forever deferred.

If it be utopian to heed this voice from the wild man of the woods, then what is to be said of that which comes from the Judean hills: "Consider the ravens, they neither sow nor reap, neither have store-house nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" Are these the words of an idle dreamer?

This world was never intended to be a scene of sorrow to man and of enjoyment to all else of God's creation.

Rejoicing is not only consistent with life, but it is the purpose and duty of life, and only man in his folly and presumption has diverted it from its high and holy purpose, making it an instrument of torture to the many and a self-inflicted curse to those who oppress.

More hours spent in contemplation and the enjoyment of what God has freely given, and

fewer in slaving for that which has never brought happiness, is the need of the world.

We need in our lives a larger share of the sweet sanctity of home life, more of the skies and the sea, more rocks and waterfalls, more song-birds and wild flowers, longer hours under the shadow of the trees with the soft pipes of Tityrus.

This beautiful—Oh, so beautiful world, was never made for the rejoicing of a few and the torturing dream of the many who, amid the darkness and dust of mill and forge, catch no note of nature's song of glory.

From the dark depths of the primeval forests there comes a voice saying: "Enjoy more, labor less. The world is overworked."

An Abused Gift.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 6, 1905.

My Dear Captain Fitzhugh :

I have been reading a second time your newspaper clipping on the Reckless and Intemperate Use of the Gift of Speech. Let me thank you for what you have said there, and also for the kind words at the bottom concerning my article in Harper's.

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HADLEY,  
(President Yale University).

## AN ABUSED GIFT.

### THE RECKLESS AND INTEMPERATE USE OF THE GIFT OF SPEECH.

Suppose you were stricken dumb, and should remain so until you had lost all hope of recovery. And suppose, then, that you were offered, with authority, the restoration of speech on condition that thereafter your every word should be worthily, and so far as your education admitted <sup>of</sup> it, appropriately used. Would you refuse the offer? And in accepting it, would you regard it as a hard and hurtful condition?

To the contrary, would you not accept it as a twofold blessing—the blessing of communicating with your fellow creatures, and communicating only that which is wholesome and edifying?

If you are of those who are in the habit of praising themselves for all their achievements, and charging their Creator with all their failures

and faults, you will doubtless answer: "I would gladly accept such an offer, but it would be on condition that He who tendered it would also see to it that I met the obligation to make only a good use of my gift of words."

In such a case you are willing enough to deny your personal sovereignty because its exercise would require circumspection and self-command—the honoring of the divinity, with which everyone is vested.

But how is it when it comes to criticizing your neighbor, or else indulging in obscene, profane and blasphemous language? Do you acknowledge any lack of sovereignty there? Do you then claim dependence upon God for power to curse and defame?

If you do not, to be consistent, you must accuse your Creator of having made you sovereign in evil, but dependent in good—personally only capable of doing wrong. The good you do, if any, being simply as a machine in the hands of God.

But the truth is, no man admits in action, be his words what they may, that he is incapable of speaking and doing good as well as evil. Every man acts as being sovereign in both good and evil until, it may be, his wrongdoing brings him into so great trouble that



he cowardly abdicates his sovereignty, and tries to take refuge in "God's mistakes."

Appearing then, as it does, that we are endowed with the power, in greater or less degree, of rightly using the gift of speech, and seeing how gladly we would enter into a covenant so to do, rather than lose it, is it not passing strange that we so recklessly and shockingly abuse so great a blessing?

It is painful to contemplate the world of harm that our words have done, and the empire of good that they have failed to do.

It is scarcely conceivable that a being who is endowed with the power to communicate, if he will, only good to his fellow man, and that by means involving neither hardship nor sacrifice, should ignore the privilege, and to the contrary use so inestimable a gift far more for his hurt and degradation than his happiness and ennobling.

It may be that some one who may possibly read these reflections has had the misfortune to endure, in a military prison, or jury room, constrained and unavoidable association with a promiscuous company of men. If so, he has doubtlessly observed that in such a group there are always one or two men, at least, who seem to be incapable of saying, or suggesting any-

thing that is profitable, or even innocuous; but who, to the contrary, seek to dominate social intercourse, turning it into channels reeking with filth and obscenity.

It has been my misfortune to be for days in contact with such men, and with a consciousness of a full share of the lower tendencies of human nature, I have nevertheless found it impossible to comprehend the mental attitude of one who can lie upon his bed in the stillness of the night with such an association of horrible ideas, and then awake in the morning to renew and continue the infernal orgy. Or could I even conceive that possible for his own delectation and that of the few who might be in sympathy with him, I find it quite impossible to understand how an intelligent being who claims to be not a demon, can be so cruel, or inconsiderate of others present, not constituted as he is, as to impose upon them an infliction so obviously abhorrent and intolerable.

Imagine, if you can, the ocean lying between one who makes such use of the gift of speech and him who wrote, "Lead Kindly Light," and you will have some idea of your privilege and responsibility in the use of words.

But this, while the worst and lowest abuse of language, is but one of a great many.

Another phase of such abuse, though far less evil, and one quite peculiar to young girls, is the frequent and often absurd use of the superlative, and of heroic adjectives. If these young ladies would only regard their vocabulary as the artisan regards his kit of tools—each piece being for its own appropriate work, how beautiful would be the edifice of their social intercourse.

The dentist does not use a crow-bar for plugging teeth, nor the workman a broad-axe for sharpening shoe pegs; neither does he use a sledge for driving tacks. And yet a young girl will dive down into her kit of words, and drag out the biggest thing in it, awful, to describe the beauty of a bit of lace or a hat-pin.

Having used up that word on a bit of wearing apparel, I often wonder what she does when she comes to describe the descent of the fires of Mt. Pelee down upon the hapless city of St. Pierre, or some mighty, soulless comet stretching far across the arch of the heavens. The same word will not do; for, like a special tool wrongly used, it has lost its point and edge, and fails to do the work for which it was solely intended.

It was my privilege to have been in daily contact with Gen. R. E. Lee for many months;

in which time I heard him speak on many and various subjects, often under conditions calculated to evoke strong and vehement expression, and yet, in the whole of such association, I cannot recall a single instance of the use on his part of an exaggerated or superlative word. No word that he ever used could well be replaced by another without detracting from the sense and force of his deliverance.

Could I now associate with the memory of Gen. Lee such expressions as: "I thought I should have died a-laughing," or: "He is the meanest man in the world," I should think of him with far less of veneration than I do; for it would have argued a degree of carelessness, and a lack of circumspection which would suggest a doubt of his reliability in more important matters.

If one who knows the meaning of words will honestly review his life for the past day, or for that matter the past year, I very much question whether he will discover a single instance in which the abstract superlative could have been appropriately employed by him. And yet, in the year he will find that he, or more particularly she, has used it, probably, hundreds of times.

It is doubtful whether anything, not excepting slang, so emasculates, and impoverishes language as the very common, and often absurd use of extravagant, and superlative words.

My dear young lady, if your little shaggy dog is "the sweetest thing in the world," what have you left to properly describe your mother? And besides, you have seen very little of the world, in which are many beautiful things, some one of which, possibly, may be even sweeter than your little dishonored poodle. You have missed your train, and you petulantly exclaim: "It is perfectly terrible!" Already you have said that your latest gentleman caller was "awfully nice." What word, then, have you left to express your feelings touching the burning of the steamer *Slocum* with its thousand or more passengers, or the destruction of the *Iroquois* theater in Chicago?

Do you not see that you are using your tallest vase for ordinary flowers while your bunch of *American Beauties* remains unprovided for?

Dear young people, did I feel competent to do so, I should advise you to always use the simplest, and most temperate language possible in describing any ordinary thing or occurrence, carefully reserving your heroic words for heroic occasions.

Otherwise you make a muddle of language, doing violence to every principle of proportion, to say nothing of good taste and truth.

The criminal use of the gift of speech, to which I have first addressed myself in this article, proceeds from either a degraded nature unrestrained, or from habitual low and vicious association. On the other hand the habit of indulging in exaggerated expressions, and the senseless use of superlatives, is plainly traceable to poverty of vocabulary, or else to a lack of nice linguistic and moral perceptions.

In a large degree, it all dates back to a neglected childhood—the time when a limited command of language tempts the child to use very big words to emphasize very little ideas.

The correction of this evil would impose no hardships upon the parent of ordinary intelligence, were it not that example is stronger than precept; and that the child is more apt to follow its parents than obey them.

Thus have I touched upon but two of the many phases of the question suggested by the caption of this article; my purpose having been not to write an essay on the abuse of language, but merely to offer an outline of such an essay as might be written by one more competent.

# Gambling.

I.

Chance or Providence.

II.

Is it Contrary to the Teachings of Christ?





# GAMBLING.

## I.

### CHANCE VS. PROVIDENCE.

It is often remarked that the whole of life is a game of chance, which differs only in degree from what is called gambling.

This is so far erroneous that it is exactly the opposite of the truth; one is absolute certainty, the other absolute uncertainty.

The whole of life, like all else in the universe, is under the direction of the Creator and Ruler of all things.

For many years, I can't say how many, He has run this intricate piece of machinery without hitch or failure. The man of the stone age saw, as we see, the sun and stars rise and set, and in their myriad courses unravel the tangled web of the heavens, each in its appointed time, without collision or even a jar. Seed time and harvest were not less sure, year by year, to provide bread for his necessities than

they now are for ours. He knew, as we must know, that He who made the grain to grow was not some blind demon of chance, but a being of infinite wisdom and perfect order, who had in all things a purpose which could not admit of miscarriage or failure.

It is inconceivable that the Creator could err, and error is only absent from righteousness. In all else there is an element of fallibility. He, therefore, who commits his keeping to the Creator has eliminated all possibility of chance from his life. He may pitch his crop and fail to garner, but God has not failed. He is a God of ultimates, and in denying him a harvest for a season, He is only paving the way to nobler, better things.

It is hardly reasonable to demand an hourly vindication of the righteousness of God, the fulfillment of whose purposes are infinite in time and in glory. We must know that He is guiding us through a country, every path of which He knows well, and of which we know nothing. We would naturally rather take the road across the plain than scale the rugged mountain side. But He knows that the smooth road leads to death, and the rugged one to life, where He is, and where He would have us come.

In what is called the chance of a crop, there are at least two obvious designs: The first to teach us the oneness of man; the other to make us know the supremacy of God.

Mankind, in the sight of the Creator, is a unit, all of one family; and the time has never come when there was not food enough and to spare in the world to supply the reasonable needs of every human or other being on the face of the whole earth.

In permitting the local failure of crops, one manifest purpose is to teach man that he is his brother's keeper, and that in his necessity he must divide with him. And so, thereby, love is engendered, which is the principle of life.

Another is to impress upon the sower his ultimate dependence upon Him who alone giveth life. To show him that ~~no~~<sup>no</sup> human wisdom nor foresight can take the place of Omniscience.

The husbandman who plows and scatters intelligently and faithfully cannot lose. He is in covenant with the God of nature, the Infallible One. And though He withholds the harvest for a season, it will come as surely as the recurrence of occultations and conjunctions, or the return of the sun to awake the

earth to life and melody, and fill it full of sweet abundance.

Eternity is our heritage; it is long, and it affords opportunity for the fulfillment of God's part in every covenant with man in its exact time and place. As we count duration, it may be a long way off; but he who sows in obedience and trust will reap his appropriate reward, and that at a time when he shall see most clearly its wisdom and its beauty.

The farmer who plants his crop knows that he is not bucking against chance, but obediently trusting in an Infallible Creator. No act could be wiser or more dignifying to man.

The man who gambles is trusting to a functionless, impersonal nothing, called chance; or else to his skill to get the advantage of a brother. No act could be more irrational on the one hand, or more degrading on the other.

The results of all investigation show that in the whole universe there is not an observed phenomenon which is the creature of chance. Surely, then, it is an insult to the majesty of heaven to submit to chance the issues of life which the King has made subject only to His righteous laws.

As far as the east is from the west, so far is trusting in God from trusting in chance.

# GAMBLING.

## II.

### IS IT CONTRARY TO THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST ?

If by any possible construction two wrongs may make a right, then gambling, as it affects only the principals, may not be wrong. If they are persons of equal honesty, and fairly matched, under a clear agreement, they may engage in a game of chance in which there would be no wrong per se. But the same conclusion would apply to duelling, or a suicide pact, where two persons enter into and execute an "honorable" agreement to commit murder.

This is all fair as far as the integrity of a contract is concerned. But can the purpose of the contract, as affecting each party to it, be regarded otherwise than evil? They have agreed, and honorably observed the agreement, to do violence to one another, or else terminate their own existences. That, surely,

is not in harmony with the teachings of the New Testament.

But you say: "In games of chance it is a mere question of skill opposed to skill."

I will answer that by citing an incident that came under my observation a few days ago: A white boy challenged a much smaller black boy to play for "keeps." The little fellow gladly accepted the challenge; and in a very short time the white boy had all the marbles of both. Skill against skill, was it? Every gambler, whether professionally and openly so, or hidden under the veneer of fashionable society, will have no difficulty in making the application.

But let us suppose the two boys equally matched, and they play until one of them has won all the marbles of the other. It has been done by a perfectly understood and honorably carried out agreement. But is it, therefore, right in its consequences? Let us see: One boy now has no marbles, and very naturally he wants some. But being only a child he has no bank account to draw upon. He, therefore, goes to his father (more likely his mother) and asks for money with which to buy some. If his mother responds, he has already submitted to chance money that did not belong to him.

On the other hand, should his mother refuse him, being human and glorying in the chance of getting something for nothing, he at once bestirs himself to get hold of what he needs by borrowing, or otherwise, and again proceeds to place in jeopardy the property of another.

A class of men who follow the races knows all about that. Is this not in violation of the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth?

If it be said, as it often is, "I believe, somehow, that gambling is wrong, but I have failed to find any definite commandment against it in the Christian dispensation," it may be answered: The Christian dispensation is not one of commandments but of principles, the chief of which is love.

The dominating idea pervading the teachings of Christ is summed up in the admonition: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Now I know you will make haste to say: "Exactly, and that is what the parties to a game of chance do; they agree to accept the treatment they accord.

Yes, but who are the parties to a game of chance?

You and another man, both honorable as to gaming contracts, play together. You are both salaried men, each receiving a hundred dollars a month. Your friend (so-called) is a man with wife and children, and so are you. On the last day of the month you have both received your pay, and before going home you sit down to a game of cards. You play because you like it. It is an act purely of self-indulgence without relation to the interests of others who may be involved.

Midnight comes and your "friend" goes home without a dollar. He has no money accumulation; a large and sickly family uses it up about as fast as he can make it. The next day the monthly accounts for food and clothing, servant hire, fuel, and everything else remain unpaid; and the poor mother and children have the hardship and mortification to endure. They, too, were (unconsulted) parties to that agreement, as your wife and children were. And so, on both sides you were risking money the great bulk of which belonged to your families, and not to yourselves individually.

When you face your wife with two hundred dollars, and he faces his wife with not a dollar, do you in your heart feel that you would have



that man do unto you and your family as you have done unto him and his family? Have you not, indeed, not only violated the Golden Rule, but conspired with that man to rob his family and creditors, or your family and creditors?

But, you say, the luck may be the other way next time. So it may be, but that does not affect the principle involved; and besides that, bread and clothing, fuel and rent are certainties, and certainties cannot be settled by chance—they do not fluctuate with the fortune of the gaming table. No man will accept in payment of his account your chances next time.

Very well; we will take an extreme case in the opposite direction and assume that you and your "friend" are both bachelors; that you are each worth a hundred thousand dollars, and neither has any one who will be distressed in consequence of his losses.

Here, plainly, the obvious wrong lies in the perniciousness of a bad example. But that is not all. If you persist in being matched against one another, the time will likely come when one will have the money of both, and the other will be an old, broken-down, discredited man, borrowing and risking any money that

he may chance get hold of with utter disregard of the welfare of friends who have come to his help, many of them doubtless men who would not feel themselves justified in submitting to chance their own honest earnings.

Such an outcome is scarcely in consonance with the teachings of Christ, which not only forbid the doing of an injury to our neighbor, but also requires that, so far as we can, we shall not permit him to do an injury to himself. Certainly that we shall not, by any act of ours, lead him into temptation.

And it is in this aspect of games of chance that most harm may be found. You may be one of those who are not inclined to excesses of any kind, and in gambling, as in all else, you do not go beyond the limit of safety so far as your individual welfare is concerned. But your "friend" may be, and frequently is, differently constituted. He may have a passion for gambling which is well-nigh irresistible, and which always carries him to reckless excess. In such a case there is no equality, even if that made right, but you are using your strength to ruin a brother.

I know a man, now nearly 70 years of age, who has never taken a chance in any game, professional, social, or church, and who does

not know how to play a single such game of any kind; and yet he assures me that, perhaps, the strongest passion of his nature has ever been to indulge in the fascinations of games of chance. Had evil counsellors, or bad exemplars, when he was a boy, succeeded in stifling his convictions to the contrary, and had started him (possibly in the home circle) in the seductive field of chance, in all probability he would long ere this have been a miserable victim of those who dishonor the principles of Christ, and contradict the exhortation of the great expounder of his doctrines, St. Paul, that: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." Bear the infirmities of the weak! Why, it is the infirmities of the weak upon which the cannibalism of the gambler lives.

Do you say: "Such reasoning applies to many other things in man's dealings with man." I answer: Surely, and wherever it applies that thing is also wrong, and in violation of the one only commandment of the new dispensation, and which stands out before all else in the very life of Christ, namely: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

You and I may try to justify ourselves in encouraging and taking advantage of a broth-

er's weakness; but one who knew the Master's spirit and lived very near to him, has said: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

No commandment, indeed, against gambling? The whole tenor and spirit of the New Testament is a commandment to love. The whole spirit of gambling is selfishness, cruel and unmitigated.

**Not So Easy.**



## NOT SO EASY.

It was a tired Irish laborer who said : "For a nate, clane and aisy job, I'd rather be a bishop."

There are others who are ready to express themselves in equivalent language; but they are of the uninformed unthinking contingent of society.

A long, and somewhat crucial experience with religious teachers of all creeds and denominations, justifies me in saying that heavenly considerations aside, they do more good to the world, for less pay than any other class of educated men.

This generalization does not include the unworthy members of the calling, of whom it may be truthfully said there are not a few. It does not apply to the young man of spineless organism, who enters the ministry to escape a manly meeting of those hardships and trials which are essential to the discipline of a true life. It does not apply to him who is manifestly more resigned to fleece-lined slippers,

and the adulation of the ladies, than to the sharp edges of the rugged cross. Neither does it include the man of maturer years, whose ambition, as noted by the world, chiefly concerns his own personal welfare, and social exaltation.

My remark relates only to the true servants of the God of Righteousness; but of whom there are enough to raise the average standard of pastoral living far above that of any other calling on earth.

When we reflect that preachers are but men, with all the weaknesses and infirmities incident thereto, it becomes a matter of amazement that their lives should, as a very general rule, be marked with such exceptional purity, integrity, and beneficence. It has the stamp of a living miracle in attestation of the divinity of their calling. It is the highest and most incontrovertible evidence of the truth of that which they proclaim.

The most prominent agnostic of this country once said to me: "O, yes, these fellows (preachers) are moral, and kind and all that because it pertains to their profession, and if they don't keep up appearances at least, they'll lose their job."



I thought then, as I think now; surely no higher tribute could be paid a calling than to say that the world expects of it the exercise of purity and righteousness; and that without such it would not be tolerated.

As a purely human affair, it would pay a people to tax themselves to maintain such an order in their midst for the good it would do society alone, not looking an inch beyond the present life.

Certainly there is something more than common in an order that has been constituted by the world the custodian and exemplifier of both its operative and mystical standards of life.

It is pertinent to ask, if preaching is a mere money-making calling like any other, why has it so much less of lawlessness, vice, and impurity than any other?

There is certainly a principle there, whether divine or not divine, that distinguishes it from every other calling, and by common consent, constitutes it the conservator, and safe guard, of society.

Few persons who keep aloof from preachers have any sort of just conception of the magnitude and variety of their responsibilities and labors. They do not realize how compara-

tively small a proportion of their time and labor is bestowed upon the pulpit and the chancel, and how much is consumed in outside work, and in meeting all sorts of demands from all sorts of people, without, as well as within their own folds. It may be safely said that an earnest, faithful, preacher, hardly ever has an hour that he can, certainly, call his own.

None but those who have social and professional relations with preachers can adequately understand the severity of the tax upon their sympathies, as well as upon their energies of mind and body. Neither can they comprehend the magnitude of the demand upon their purses, and the frequency of their responses:

My observation has been that, as a class, preachers are much better than other men. They are more temperate and circumspect than other men. They are of purer, cleaner lives. They are gentler, more uniformly courteous, and readier to take up, and bear, a brother's burden.

Now, unless we admit the presence here of a super-human, or divine principle, how is this to be accounted for? Surely this is not the legitimate product of an ordinary money-

making calling. Or, if it is, then for that reason alone, it has a claim upon the highest respect and veneration of the world, and is the nearest thing to the ministry of heaven that has ever been devised by, or bestowed upon man.

These men stand continually upon the frontier line of life, and keep the world in touch with the spirit of the realms beyond.

They are commissioned to observe and interpret the tokens of God's providence toward men. And whether it be the God of the Bible, or the "unknown God," your God, or my God, or some other man's God, it's all one, they represent all the God there is; and their mission is to bring us into harmony with Him.

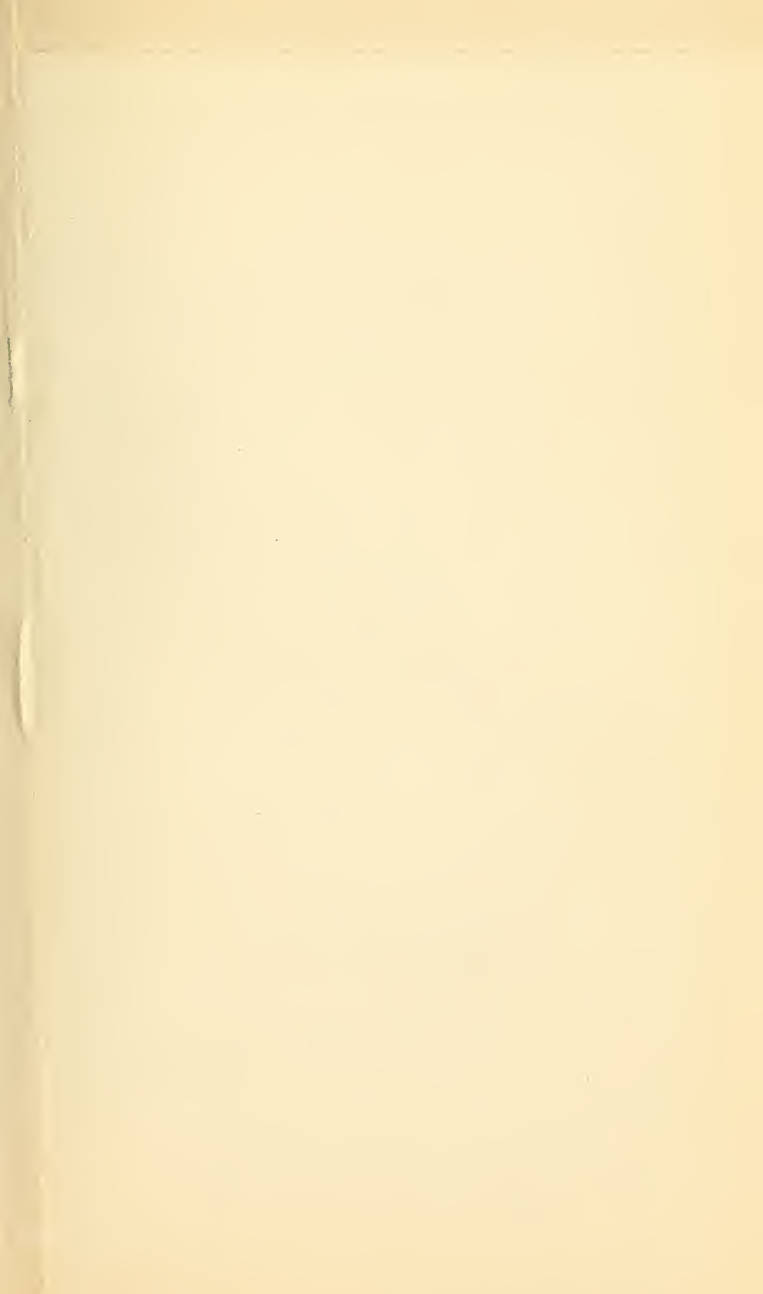
This is a matter that equally concerns us all, and the gravity and importance of it should, in our eyes, invest the preacher with a dignity and veneration above that accorded to men of ordinary callings.

But, as was said in the beginning, these words apply only to the faithful, honest, self-renouncing servants of the Living God, and not by any possible interpretation to the indolent, self-indulgent and otherwise unworthy.



**Life to Life.**





HOTEL GERARD, NEW YORK CITY  
June 28th, 1905.

*My Dear Captain Fitzhugh:*

A thousand thanks for your exquisite call from "The Outer Harbor" where I am sure you get glimpses of the "Inner Harbor" where you and I would be, and to which I am drifting very fast.

As I grow older, and the joys and hopes of the world about us pale and lose their value, I am sure that our right to expect a safe arrival in that "Inner Harbor," of which, by faith, you have attained so exquisite a view, can only be acquired by paying for it in the coin of love to God and our fellow creatures. I am sure that too little stress is laid on the duty to love rather than compel our enemies by force to show justice and mercy.

I cannot, even by faith see the "Inner Harbor," but like yourself, I know it is there in assured and smiling peace; and I feel thankful not only that it is there, but that an old and faithful Confederate, through the God given coin he has paid, has been given that assurance with which he can comfort others that it awaits them, and can depict the "Bliss without compare" which we are to attain.

There are some words which are "Apples of gold in pictures of Silver," and you have spoken these, and I congratulate you and myself upon them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.



## LIFE TO LIFE.

THROUGH THE CHANGELESS BOND OF  
NATURAL OBJECTS WE BEST HOLD  
COMMUNION WITH OUR DE-  
PARTED FRIENDS.

In the tender light of a late summer's afternoon, as I was taking my accustomed walk toward the western limits of the city, I was joined by an old man.

"Which way, comrade," said he.

"I am going," I replied, "to the city's silent grove to sit in the shadow of the great trees and hear the birds sing."

"I, too," he answered, "am going that way, but not to sit in the shadow of the trees, nor listen to the song of the birds. I am going out to be with my friends. They are nearly all now resting there—all that I loved most."

With the same spirit, but different operations, we were wending our way to that peaceful city of the dead. We were both seeking

companionship with the now silent friends of our younger days. He would find it in yearning communion with the responseless dust and ashes of the grave. I would find it in the ties that bind boyhood to old age—the changeless song of the birds, the sad, familiar voice of the gentle winds among the swaying boughs, the tint and perfume of every flower after its kind, the ceaseless shifting of the passing clouds, and the restful calm of the blue beyond.

Thus would I seek the companions of my younger days. I would not look for them amid the silent dust of the graves, but in the living, speaking, rejoicing objects of our one-time common love.

We have no fellowship with the deserted dust beneath the sod. In these beautiful, living repositories only do we meet, as in other days, and rejoice in sweet, unclouded communion.

Among the children of men, he who dies is seen no more; his similitude in form and voice appears no more on earth. At best the son is but a faint suggestion of his father, and the daughter but a sad reminder of her mother. Of all the boys and girls with whom we played some sixty years ago, not one, nor the likeness

of one departed, is now reproduced in all the multitudes about us. Every vestige is gone from the earth, and the dust to which their bodies have returned only mocks our yearning hearts.

Not so those constant bonds of mortal spirits—our mutual friends of by-gone days.

Together we have looked upon the great moss-covered rocks, my companion and I, and in silence wondered and worshipped. And as they answered us then, so now they answer me.

Together we have stretched out in the shadow of the "broad-spreading beech," and listened to the plaintive voice of the turtle dove, or the riotous screaming of the saucy jay. With one soul we have heard the vesper chant of the mocking bird, and the faltering lullaby of the drowsy thrush. Those days are gone to return no more; and generations of mocking birds and saucy jays have come and passed away; but in faultless reproduction we still listen to the same, familiar notes, and still we feel the presence of our absent friend, whose borrowed dust, once so dear, has returned to the earth whence it came.

How often, at the close of day, have we sat together upon the river's bank and listened

to the measured stroke of the boatman's oars as wearily he forged his homeward way. Or else, from the meadow stretching far away, have marked the call of the anxious quail to her scattered brood benighted. The boatman's stroke is heard no more, and his bending oars are silent now; but the ceaseless splash of the stranded waves still break upon the ear, and the anxious quail, in unchanged notes, still calls her scattered brood. And as he and I heard her then, so now, alone, I hear her plaintive call. And yet not alone, for spirit answereth to spirit; and now, as then, together in the closing hours of day, we seem to listen to that mother's low, distressful call.

Our spirits are not united in death but in life. The spirit which is without the grave and the body that is within it, have no common bond of union.

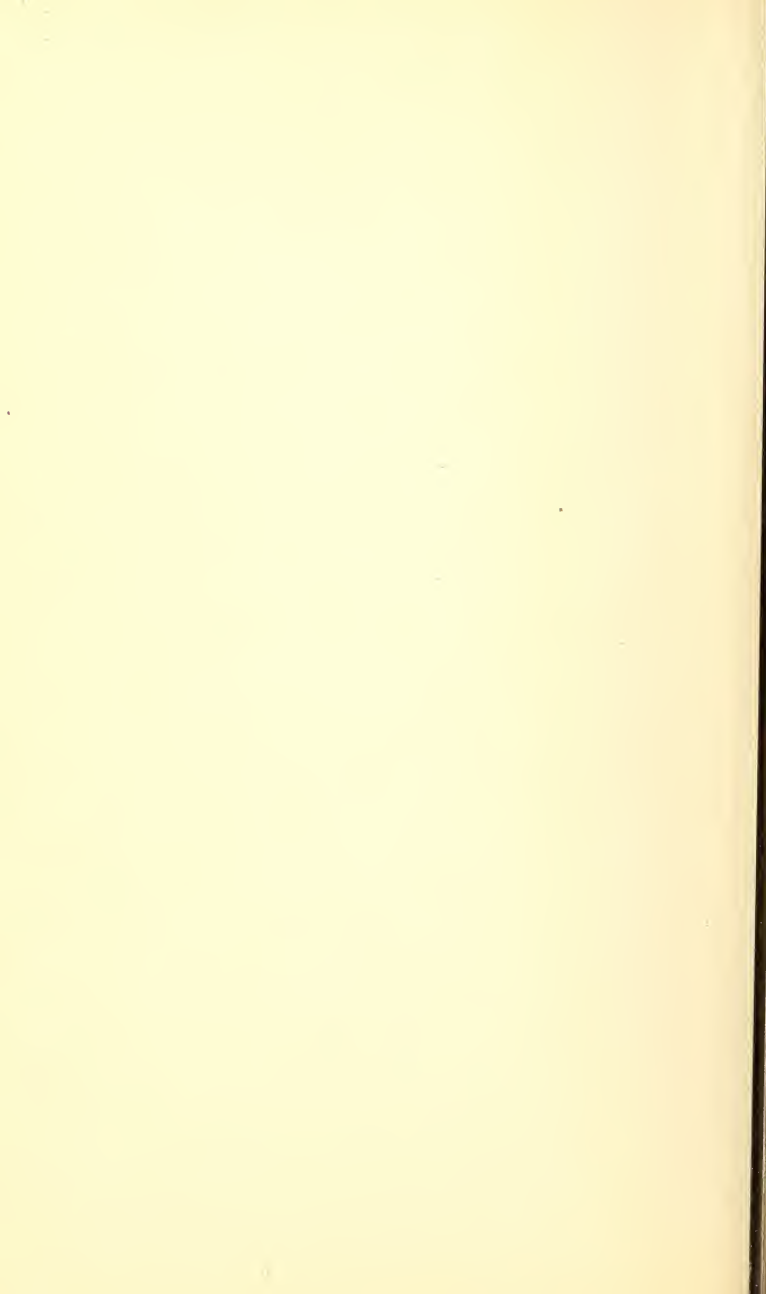
The changeless note and flight of the old-time birds; the trees, the rocks, the skies, and the immortal soul of boyhood songs—in them alone we meet our friends; and there we commune in oneness of spirit and oneness of worship.

The sublimest, tenderest being who has ever talked with man—He who stooped the lowest to lift the highest—the blessed Savior

of mankind, when He would speak the depth of His Father's love, told those about Him of how He cared for the fowls of the air and honored the lillies of the field. And ever since that time the birds and the flowers have been the world's sweetest messengers from the heart of a loving Father; and in their companionship has been the meeting place of spirit with spirit—that which is in bondage with that which is free.

Our companions fade and pass away, but their spirits still remain, and still together we lie in the shadow of the trees and under the same sweet, bird-enchanted spell, commune as in days of yore.

And this is why my comrade and I often seek, toward the setting sun, this holy place of rest, where mortal caskets mouldering lie, whence deathless souls have fled,—he, through the unanswering dust, to commune with the dead; I, through the boyhood bond of the happy, changeless birds, to find fellowship with the living.



# The Higher Social Life.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH.

Stamford, Conn., Jan. 24, 1906.

My Dear Capt. Fitzhugh:

I thank you exceedingly for your little leaflet, "In the Outer Harbor" and "The Higher Social Life." Both essays have touched me very much, and I cannot help asking you if you will not send me two or three more copies.

"The Higher Social Life" seems to be especially appropriate for certain people in trouble.

Yours faithfully,

(Rev.) CHAS. MORRIS ADDISON.



# THE HIGHER SOCIAL LIFE

DEATH SHOULD NOT END INTERCOURSE  
WITH THOSE WE LOVE.

Is physical contact, or apprehension, essential to social intercourse? If so, wherein are we better off than the beasts of the field? If not so, why do we mourn so hopelessly for those whom we miscall our dead?

Belief in the immortality of the thought and affections of man is universal, involuntary, and necessitous. And immortality carries with it the idea of infinity. In youth such ultimate reflections as these do not obtrude, as they do not seem to press for solution; but when the miles begin to lengthen, and the days to shorten, and men are careful to tell us how young we are looking, then we come to realize that this wonderful life of ours is but a little incident in the course of an endless existence; an incident, it is true, of exceeding great importance, and, reasonably, fraught with consequences unsurpassed by any future

event of like duration, but how short, how fleeting; and especially to those who have the privilege of looking around them upon mothers and fathers to whom they have given earthly being.

If, then, there is immortality, as compared with the incident of life, it is entitled to a consideration as far exceeding that accorded our earthly existence as eternity exceeds in duration a few score years or less.

Why then do we attach such undue agonizing importance to these temporal separations from our loved ones and friends? Are they any less our loved ones and friends? Do we not love them still? Do they not love us still? Do we not love them with a purer love than when they were present in the flesh? And do they not love us as mortals cannot love? Are they, indeed, very far away? Are they not nearer to us now than then, nearer to the pleadings of our poor, silent hearts? Who knows to the contrary?

Where is heaven? Where is the next world? Are there not ministering spirits? It is a sad heart that answers no. And who are these ministering spirits? Do any know your needs and mine better than they who have left our hearthstones? Could any tell with

deeper tenderer sympathy of our yearnings, our sorrows, and those "bitternesses of heart with which the stranger inter-meddleth not?" Could any know as well as they where to apply the balm?

You can't see them, you can't hear them, you can't touch them?

You have a married daughter who lives a thousand miles away from you; is she any less your daughter because you can't see her, and hear her, and touch her? Do you love her less? Can you think of her as loving you less? It may be your privilege to see her a few days in each year for a few, very few years. Is your life in and with her bound up solely in those few days of physical contact? Do those few uncertain days count for more than all the years that you have to spend, even in this world, in purely spiritual communion with her? Surely not. If, therefore, in this life you are sustained and comforted by spiritual correspondence, will you now give her up because she is gone, possibly, a little farther away, just a step, and is occupying another "mansion in her Father's house?"

It is the form, the body that you want to see? Would you recognize in your daughter of thirty the little girl that pinned the dress

upon her doll at your feet? A few years separation, and mother and daughter would pass each other as strangers upon the street. There remains not an atom of that little body in your child of today; she has gone into another and larger house; and yet she is still your child, just as loveable, just as loving. Her new surroundings do not alienate the tender yearning of a mother's heart, neither do they touch the sweet, incommunicable loyalty of a daughter's love.

Plainly then, it is not the body, but the spirit that is your child; it is that that you cling to, the never dying intelligence, the only true being.

Can't see her, can't touch her, can't talk with her? Can you see God? Can you touch Him? Can you talk with Him? And yet is God dead?

When your child was in the visible world, but a thousand miles away from you, did you not commune with her? Did she not commune with you? In your solitude you would go over with her every passing event; you took her into the secret places of your heart; you saw her smile, and you smiled with her; a shadow would pass over your heart, and in her far away countenance you could see it re-

flected back to you. She rejoiced with you, and with you bowed in sorrow, and thus moments and hours were spent in the sweetest intercourse between mother and daughter, with an empire between.

But what of now, now when the emancipated spirit, freed from earthly hinderances, and with a horizon broadened and beautified, that also includes the old home on earth, turns motherward her tender, loving gaze? Do you respond: "No, you are not my daughter, my daughter is dead?" What, dead because she has gone a few days before you into real life? Dead because she has returned to the earth and the air a few shreds of conventional dress that, for a few days parade, she borrowed of their store? Dead? If ever dead, it was while here in this "house of narrow walls."

No, a thousand times no, your child is not dead. She lives, and in her life carries yours with a love and a consecration that you have never known, nor while here, can ever comprehend. A ministering spirit? Yes, why not? In the stillness of your communions, do you not often feel beatific constraints of spirit testifying to her glorified presence? Not some inane creation of the spook-enchanted

hypochondriac, but a real, live, joyous being, whose sublimated nature is ever vibrant with sympathetic responsiveness, and whose mission, it may be, is to encourage you into a life fuller of love and unselfishness, and more in harmony with the sweet beatitudes of her own blessed estate.

It is there that mother and daughter with expurgated spirits, meet; there in a sphere more exalted, and in an atmosphere where clouds intervene not, and every gift and every passion is consecrated to the cause of righteousness.

O, poor, pathetic mother, why give up your child! Why not hold to a reality just now made so sublime, so much more precious, and so eternally enduring?

Yes, talk with your child, tell her all your feelings, withhold nothing; and know that she responds; not indeed, through the low medium of the flesh, but as God responds, through that spiritual correspondence, which is the first token of real life.

Have you no unaccustomed feelings of late, now and then a strange, unbidden suggestion touching your conduct, or ministering to your comfort? Does there not obtrude, here and there, some new conception of the dignity and

glory of life, and the part that you should perform? Are there not times, new to you, when your whole being, as a flake of snow on the ocean's bosom, seems to melt into the great sea of God's love? Then, O, mother, rightly interpret these tokens as messages from your dear ministering spirit commissioned by Him who uttered, for our comfort, those incomparable words: "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."





# Persistent Identity



## PERSISTENT IDENTITY.

### SOME THOUGHTS ON RECOGNITION IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

It is hard to see how those who accept the New Testament as a statement of truth can resist a belief in recognition in the world to come.

Christ, who was here to lead us into truth, would not permit us by scenes in which He took part to be betrayed into false conclusions. Certainly by His most impressive illustrations He would not permit us to be led astray or left in a state of perplexity and uncertainty.

This, then, being admitted for the purposes of this article, there is but one inference that can be drawn from the incident on the Mount of Transfiguration, and that is, that we do not lose our identity by passing from this world into another neither immediately nor after the lapse of hundreds, even thousands of years; for at that time, of the two men, Moses

and Elijah, whose appearance upon the scene is recorded, the first had been dead two thousand years, and the other nearly a thousand.

The recorder of this incident makes it appear that these long-dead men were recognized even by Peter who, of course, had never seen them in the flesh; but his knowledge of them may have been imparted at the time by the words of Christ which he heard. This, however, is not material. The important fact is that Christ recognized them and treated them as sovereign entities, and not as of the essence of some vague Nirvana. Moreover, these men whose entrances into the spirit world were a thousand years apart, and who of necessity had never met in this world, in their wanderings through the limitless Elysian fields had come together, and inferentially, by some spiritual token unknown to the flesh, were made known to one another.

This, it is true, concerns but two men, Moses and Elijah; but the incident is one of the broadest scope involving extreme phases of the question under discussion, and as it is the only occurrence in the life of the Great Teacher illustrating intermundane relationships, it must be accepted as being of general application.

Here, then, in court-room language, we might "rest our case" as proven beyond the possibility of reasonable cavil by the testimony of witnesses absolutely unimpeachable from a Christian standpoint; but in order to avoid the chaos of conflicting inferences to be drawn from a thought so great and so suggestive, the subject will be pursued, if possible, to its equilibrium in the scheme of omniscient economy.

The first question that suggests itself is: What is the nature of identity?

That it is not physical is at once obvious, for no physical thing remains the same from one year to another. The child who knew its mother only as a young woman, and the child who did not know her until she had passed the meridian of life, could not both by any common physical token recognize her in a new state of being. If she appeared as an old woman, the first would not know her; and if as a young woman, the other would not know her. Neither would the friends of her youth only and the friends of her old age only agree as to her identity did she appear either as an old woman or a young woman.

These and a thousand other difficulties confront us on the threshold of a discussion of the question in its material aspect. Indeed, in

any view of the matter, difficulties appear which cannot be resolved upon any hypothesis based upon human experience; and the confusion and painful perplexity occasioned by thinking thereupon, proceeds from man's obduracy in invading the spirit world with purely material ideas, and demanding physical phenomena where the physical, certainly as the world knows it, does not exist and has no application.

But while the comprehending of this matter is extra-human and beset with difficulties often seemingly contradictory, because of our earthly view-point, we find satisfaction and comfort in observing how, even in this world, as great difficulties are overcome by the introduction of another principle of physical law which, for a time, dominates and seems to annul some fixed and invariable law of nature.

We know that water is many times heavier than air, and we know that it is a law of physics that the heavier substance will not rise in the lighter; and yet in an inch of rain over one hundred tons of water fall upon each acre of ground, which by some means had been held suspended in an atmosphere even lighter than that in which we habitually live.

The scientist will explain this; and in the next world there will be scientists as wise, if not wiser, who will never cease to explain seeming contradictions, which are not contradictions at all, but the appropriate operation of a particular principle of some universal law.

If we had lived in a world without vegetation, we should have observed that every free thing on the surface of the earth was subject to and always obeying the law of gravitation; and we should have thought it quite impossible for anything emanating from the earth to move, through centuries, in a direction exactly opposed to that of gravity; but were we transported to the redwood forests of California, we should see there trees two and three hundred feet high that have lifted and maintained hundreds of tons of weight in exact defiance of this universal law.

If, then, in this world of material things observation proves the reasonableness of the "impossible," how much easier it is to conceive of the reconciliation of seemingly impossible conditions in a spirit world under spiritual law.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," and we are without warrant in

thinking of our departed friends as they, at any time, appeared to us in the flesh.

That which unendingly persists is of a purely spiritual nature; it is the ego—that elusive something by which each being is distinguished from all others. It grows not old, it changes not, and it is that by which each shall be known in a world where there is no flesh, and where spirit responds to spirit.

It is clear, then, that in the next world we shall recognize one another not by anything that we had seen with our natural eyes in this world. Our identity there will be purely spiritual, that which cannot be apprehended by material eyes: the changeless primal attributes of each created being; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—the ego.

In its adaptation to mortal comprehension it may be likened to that which exists in the brain of the architect before a stone has been laid in the beautiful temple of his conception, and will there remain in all the freshness and beauty of its perfection after, peradventure, the temple shall have been destroyed and blotted out from the sight of men. It is the temple's soul that survives in the mind of him who gave it being—that which changes not with the ravages of time and usage.



So in the mind of the Architect of architects there may be stored the original type, the pattern of each created being, which, in the next world, will be that by which one shall know another, and which, like a drink of water, will appeal equally to the infant and the aged, to each according to his capacity.

It may be that the "new name written upon a white stone" is the heavenly name of the child given at its birth, and applies only to the imperishable being—the unchangeable token of identity.

Nor is this hard to conceive of. This constant quantity which alone can constitute unending identity rules even in this life. The infant and the adult may be equally drawn to a common mother, but they are not drawn by the same physical attractions; and the child will not love less its old and wrinkled mother than her whom she loved in the freshness of youth. And yet in the one there is not a line, nor an atom that was in the other. Plainly, then, it is not the visible, but the unseen that constitutes the bond of union—that by which, in the next world, with spiritual vision, we shall be enabled to recognize those whom we knew in this world.

Doubtless it was this constant quantity, this ego by which Moses and Elijah were recognized on the Mount of Transfiguration; for even had they been in the flesh, which, however, we know they did not take with them, they could not have been recognized after the lapse of one and two thousand years, or if, on the other hand, they appeared as they were at the time of their death those who knew them only as young men could not possibly have identified them amid the transformations of old age.

Ridding our minds, then, of the physical aspect of the matter, which is without warrant in revelation or observed facts, and accepting as truth the theory of a spiritual and unalterable ego—the felt, but unseen individuality of each dweller upon the earth, the conception of persistent identity and future recognition is divested of every difficulty, and becomes both easy and reasonable.

There we shall see and know that which, in this world, we were conscious of only through the medium of our affections—the secret of our identity.











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